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THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR,

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

From the Literary Gazette.

ON THE RAGE FOR IMITATING FOREIGN MANNERS.

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes, who stand so much on the new forms, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their *bons*, their *bons*!

Romeo and Juliet.

WHAT can an Englishman gain by being mistaken for a foreigner? What can he propose to himself, at home, by showing off foreign conceit, foreign affectation, and foreign grimace? Why he expects, thereby, to gain the reputation of a travelled, highly informed man; whilst the fair sex equally prides itself on the preference and pre-eminence which must arise from their advantages of education and of travelling. These advantages, however, are to be obtained without the gesticulations of mountebanks, the making our conversation an *olla* of all kinds of languages and quotations, and assuming a foreign accent, a foreign air, or rather, I should say, foreign airs.

A deep-read pedant, whose mind

is filled with classick and scientifick lore, is scouted in polished circles for constant quotations of Greek and Latin. You may imagine it is because he is not understood by the majority of the company. Not at all: it is presumable that the well-educated majority does understand him; but it is because he is not understood by all. The ladies, for instance, and the less classical few of the gentlemen, do not understand him. For the very same reason is an interlarding of foreign living languages equally offensive. Some of the circle may not understand you. One nobleman speaks French, but not Spanish; another understands Spanish, but not German; a lady speaks French and Italian, but neither understands Spanish, Portuguese, nor German; whilst the language which the impertinent coxcomb wishes to show off in is precisely the one not intelligible; and, not unfrequently, it is selected for that very purpose, the speaker being very shallow in his acquirements even in his favourite tongue.

When foreign languages are spoken, or scraps of them interpolated in English conversation, with the

view of facilitating our intercourse with a foreigner, the object is amiable and praiseworthy; but when such conduct is adopted merely for the purpose of assuming something above the circle in which you then move, or with a view of shewing the company how much you know, it is truly unworthy of a gentleman, and it appears contemptible to a scholar and a man of taste, whether he understand the affected prattler or not. To communicate our ideas, it is necessary to be understood; but to display these strange and silly airs, the very reverse is desirable: and the non-intelligent has the best of the bargain, by losing some flimsy quotation, or some trite foreign trash in the way of quaint saying or common-place remark. At the close of the continental war, nothing could be more ludicrous than our military foplings masqueraded into the dress, the language, and the deportment of foreigners; and, what was worse, they played these foreign parts with very second-rate abilities,—very dully and imperfectly indeed,—forgetting and omitting the very best part of the characters, and disfiguring and mutilating the other half; just as a barn performer or a strolling player of the lowest class murders Shakspeare or Otway, misrepresents our more modern dramatists, miscalls half the creation, forgets the real meaning of his author, and where memory deserts him, puts in trash of his own to fill up the hiatus.

Thus had we, in our beardless and other military *Exquisites*, returned from abroad, Spaniards without gravity and religion, Italians without harmony, finesse and genius, Germans without taciturnity and sound judgment, and French puppies without playfulness and volatility. In the same manner, one borrowed nothing of the German but his pipe and his want of

polish; another copied from the Spaniard nothing but his mustachio and his cigar; a third took from the Portuguese or the Italian nothing but his sensuality and uncleanness; and a fourth stole from the Frenchman nothing but his snuff-box, his contortions, and his obtrusiveness.

What an importation for Great Britain! to be spit out, snuffed out, smoked out, and put out of countenance from morn till night, and to hear grunts, nasals, gutturals and lisps, out of time and place, in French and in German, or the more effeminate lispings, sighings, and smoothings of the Italian and Spanish languages!

Here we had an insipid cornet of horse, leering and ogling *con amore*, abusing his fair countrywomen, our climate, and our language; and it was—" *Pazienza per forza*, as we say in Italian," " *Pian Piano*, if you please," " *My good thir*, I really don't *underthand* you," or " *Sin cumplimiento*, as we say in Spain," " *Muy obligato Senor*, as the Spaniard says," etcetera, etcetera. In another place we had a more elderly but not less affected *militaire*, all German, all smoke, tobacco, spurs, and waltz, who could find nothing in his own country worthy of notice.

Sometimes was to be seen a schoolboy, of one campaign, swelled into an Alexander the Great, who could talk of nothing but of military movements, and who was enfilading the company, turning your flank, outmarching you, advancing in *Echelon* upon you, and doing every thing *en militaire*, but making a masterly and steady retreat, which would have been the wisest and most beneficial of all. This dash-ing character would tire you to death with the shredwork of continental languages, and with military manœuvres, from the advance of the army getting engaged, to the taking up of a new position, and

there bivouacking all night; so that his hearers heartily wished him to remain in that situation, or to join the reserve, of which he showed so great a want.

But not to the brave defenders of our country, however coxcombical, are these failings alone to be attributed: our nobility and men of fortune and fashion are equally culpable in this respect. An Irish Earl, now no more, returned from his continental tour perfectly unintelligible. He would ask you, in broken English, if he made himself understood by you; and he never framed a sentence that was not at least half French. A certain Marquis has the very air, accent, appearance, expression, taste, and smell of an Italian; and he marshals his foreign servants before you merely to show you how much above an Englishman he is. Some, and very illustrious personages too, are so Germanized, that you forget their breed entirely; and thus they lose some portion of national attachment, which, but for their disguise, would every where fall to their share.

Then we have women all *à la mode de Paris*—all broken sentences of French and English, all shrug, hump-back, stooped shoulders, quick short step, and quadrille antics. These ladies are quite proud of having breathed the air of Paris; but it may be said of them, as of the provincial belles of France who go to Paris for a finish, that they did not go "*Pour prendre l'air de Paris*," but rather that they went there "*Pour prendre les airs de Paris*." So affected are these dames, that unless you can talk to them about the Thuilleries and the Champs Elisées, or the Parisian promenades, theatres and performers,—if you have not every moment Made-moiselle Mars, Messieurs Talma, Vestris, Gardel, and Beaupré, Mesdames Clotilde and Chenigny, the singers Lais, Derinis, Lavigne, Ma-

dame Amand, and all the corps du Theatre François, the corps d'Opera, and the corps du Ballet, they turn their backs upon you and treat you as a rustick—a superannuated, or an ultramontane being.

A few weeks trip over the water quite metamorphoses our youth of both sexes, giving them a most usurped and unjust superiority, and unfitting them for home and British society. These individuals also herd together, seek for waltz and quadrille parties, and consider that they have a right to be leaders of fashion and models of taste; whilst their dress is ungraceful, their manners extravagant, their language imperfect, their morals often impaired, their talents confined, and their conduct ridiculous.

One would imagine that the English language (derived from, and composed too, of so many dead and living languages) would be quite rich and various enough to express our thoughts, without interlarding it with any other forms of speech; yet our *Insipids* and *Exquisites*, our unintelligible belles, and pert half-educated Misses, cannot explain themselves without the "foreign aid of ornament;" and therefore they inform us that, in spite of such and such an occurrence, they preserved their *sang froid*; that they treated the affair with the utmost *non-chalance*; that it was *une affaire du cœur*, or *une affaire de goût*. If asked how they will act, they will *fair leur possible*, or *faire l'impossible*, (which by-the-by they wish to do) with a million of other hacknied French phrases, that do not express the object alluded to one bit better than plain English would do.

Add to these things the *ah bahs*! the *tout au contraires*, the *point du tous*, and a few more phrases of this kind, with the starts and the shrugs, the elevations of shoulders, the shakings of heads, the writhings,

the convulsions, and the puppet-show tricks of features, and you will have the whole language and manœuvres of the pseudo learned and accomplished geniuses, who have introduced foreign manners into our native soil.

The mistakes too which they make are additional proofs of a want of judgment. Why does the Frenchman add such stage effect to his words? He doubts that the simple matter of fact will be credited by you, or impressed on you, because his impatience and volatility bring into action all his resources at once; or because voluptuous and intriguing Madame brings language, eyes, gestures, and limbs, altogether into play, as if she were bringing all her artillery to bear upon the enemy at once; or, finally, because both wish to deceive you, to divide your attention, and find this powerful diversion quite necessary.

In hot countries action is very often substituted for speech, or speech is abridged and action becomes its auxiliary; and for this reason a Neapolitan, for instance, is a complete player of pantomime. The foreigner adds telegraphick and patomimick signs to imperfect and almost unintelligible language: and yet John Bull, who must be understood by a countryman, thinks the imitation of this, smart, well-bred, and fashionable. Italian and other foreign performers writhe and contort their figures, in order to give ease to the emission of sound; and therefore a boarding-school Miss cannot sing a common English ballad without drooping over the keys of her piano, bowing and waiving about, giving her eyes a die-away expression, and practising a thousand little affected fooleries.

It is objected to the English, that they have a want of action and of expression in conversation,—a want of play of countenance and of elegance of attitude; but this I

deny. If you go into the higher circles, the fact does not exist. Where do you find a man or a woman of family, and of high polish, address you with their back turned to you, with their arms folded across, or their fists ornamented with their pockets? Where is the inquirer in genteel life who asks the question without an inclination of the head; or (if a lady in particular) without a gracious and graceful smile? Does a gentleman speak to you with averted eye, stern countenance, or surly gloom? Do we not assume respect when addressing the higher dignitaries of the state? And is there any well educated man who does not adapt his countenance and demeanour to his company and to the subject and situation of the time, without finding any dislocation of muscles, any convulsion of limbs, any broad stare of the eye, or violent disguise of the countenance at all necessary?

Dignity and composure, with a look of mind, and an air of reflection, best befit our national character. The fairest sex has a natural softness, serenity, and gentleness of expression and deportment. When we depart from these, we lose by the exchange, and we accept of the counterfeit in return for the sterling material. But whilst these are national characteristics, there is no need for the male to appear all coldness, stoicism and apathy; nor for the female to have that look of a dreaming sheep, *un mouton qui reve*, which our impertinent neighbour has bestowed upon her. Our language also—if a dispassionate judge do but visit our higher circles, he will find it chaste, classical, expressive, and correct; so much so that a person must possess no patriotism, who finds it requisite to borrow either in gesture or in diction from any other country; and, if he do wish to improve the former, it can alone be effected by consulting, not

the French and Italian living models, but the Greek and Roman immortal ones, which still exists in the statues of antiquity.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the intolerable affectation (it is too mild a term) of a certain *Exquisite*, who is the most conceited piece of English manufacture, disguised and varnished over with plaster of Paris and other materials,

that I ever knew. He asserts, that not one Englishman in a thousand knows how to take a pinch of snuff like a gentleman! and that it takes twelve months to learn this art! yet he has contrived to acquire this useful and ornamental accomplishment in about half the time! Poor Mr. —! What an object of contemptuous pity to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

CULLODEN ANECDOTES.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for February, 1819.

MR. EDITOR.

THE writer delayed sending a continuation of the Culloden anecdotes, uncertain whether her partiality for the narrators had not overrated their interest. She has, however, just had the pleasure of seeing the first part in the New Monthly Magazine. The sequel is more copious, and in some instances more romantick; but the authenticity cannot be questioned, as the two gentlemen, and the lady from whom they were received, were persons of unquestionable veracity.

Miss M. daughter to Mr. Gordon, was a very young girl when she so narrowly escaped accidental death from the hand of John Roy Stewart. The presence of mind, self command and fortitude, she displayed in the severest trials of suspense and sorrow, as the mother of three gallant officers, who fell in the service of their country, became first apparent in refraining from an exclamation or word that might betray the fugitive. She observed to her cousin, that some of the maids wanted to frighten them; but they should be locked up until she sent her mother to reprimand them. Having taken away the candle they had recently extinguished, and asked her cousin to light it in the par-

lour. She informed her mother that Mr. Grey was in his own room; but she did not give the slightest hint of her late jeopardy. Mrs. Gordon, who had been but a very short time in bed, instantly arose, convinced that no trivial cause brought John Roy to his first asylum. She knew he had a spirit above coming to bemoan himself, or to shun hardship, which his own vigilance and exertions would by any means effectually combat. She learnt from him, that in the Braes of Strathdearn, he was intercepted by a youth, who was a soldier in his own regiment, and knew him personally. Kenedy was the younger brother of the man who never gave his right hand to another, after receiving a farewell grasp from the Royal Adventurer. He was also cousin to the faithful attendant of Prince Charles, Mac Jan, the unfortunate cow stealer, to whom the clemency of George the Second would have been extended, if the magnanimity that redeemed his faults had been more timely represented. The lad, not sixteen years old, had ranged Strathspay, Badenoch, and part of Athol, in search of John Roy: and never, even by inadvertence, endangered the gentlemen who were compelled to intrust their lives to his fidelity. These

were, a Laird of the name of Drummond.—alias M'Gregor, and James M'Gregor, son to the now celebrated Rob Roy. They were both wounded. Mr. Drummond could proceed by short journies to some place of refuge; but James M'Gregor had his foot lacerated in a manner which disabled him from walking, and if he attempted to ride, his ignorance of the bye ways required a very trusty attendant. Both the sufferers were desirous that John Roy should testify to Mrs. Gordon that they were what they represented themselves—true sons of Alpin. Mr. Gordon's progenitors were M'Gregors, and his warm heart retained a strong attachment to his proscribed clan. Mrs. Gordon was distressed. Every corner of her house, and the out-houses, where a wounded man could be concealed, were full—but humanity and clan-ship enforced the request conveyed by John Roy. She laid before him her perplexities, repeating a sentiment of her husband, which never should be forgotten.

"Justice has ample atonement in the prisoners which have been taken," said she, "and if many more were to be sentenced, compassion would probably excite disaffection. I repeat to you, Mr. Grey, these words of my good and wise partner, to convince you, that even for the sake of the side we have taken in these sad disturbances, I would go every length to preserve those gentlemen." John Roy asked if any of her guests were able to travel a few miles from their retreat at Alvey?

Mrs. Gordon replied, not one was fit to go a mile, except his friend Mr. Milton, and she could not, would not, desire him, or any other, to leave her house. John Roy assured her he should manage to take him away, without impeaching her hospitality. They went together to his room. He was fast asleep,

but clothed and ready dressed, with his pistols charged, and sword drawn, prepared to escape or defend himself if assaulted. Many weeks had passed since he saw a human countenance but Mrs. Gordon's and she staid only a moment, when she brought him food, or changes of linen. He had endured much pain in his head, the consequence of a confusion received at the battle of Culloden. He was sometimes feverish and delirious, until a great effusion of blood from his nostrils relieved him, and his strength and spirits were much reduced by the discharge. An acute sense of his unhappy condition preyed upon his mind. In his ravings, Mrs. Gordon discerned that he yet now poignantly lamented the expulsion of the race he considered to have a legitimate right to the sceptre of great Britain. Mr. Gordon had interdicted his wife from communicating to him any particulars respecting her protégés; that if questioned, he could, with truth, assert his entire ignorance. She, however, took leave to consult him in general or figurative terms, and he suggested a remedy for misplaced loyalty. Mr. Hamilton was a steadfast protestant. Mrs. Gordon, after hearing from her husband the following story, introduced it casually, as if she wished to know whether Mr. H. knew the parties. It was the first time she sat down in his chamber, since the duties of a sick nurse prolonged her stay with him, and the natural delight afforded by society to a sensitive and cultivated mind engaged the deepest attention to her discourse. We shall find the efficacy of truths, pleasantly imparted, can overcome very inveterate prejudices.

A baronet in the south of Scotland married a roman catholic lady in 1741. Through the lady's influence, her father confessor hoped to engage Sir B. M. in the project-

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ed rebellion ; but she declined taking any part which might involve his life and property. The priest often reiterated his importunities ; lady M. adhered to her prudent determination, and the ghostly father, losing all self command, expected to intimidate her, by denouncing excommunication, with all the dire concomitants of ecclesiastical censure. The lady interrupted him with the dignity of offended self reverence :

“ Your threats, Sir, have confirmed my purpose. I see, I feel, that while the protestant house of Hanover reigns over us, I may treat with contempt your unmanly virulence, and order you to leave my presence, no more to return. If a Stewart held the sovereign authority, I must tremble at the least sign of priestly rancour. Henceforth I renounce the fetters of reason, and of personal liberty, in which education enchained me. I abjure your church, and its errors.”

The priest made abject concessions : but lady M. was inexorable. Mr. M. was not acquainted with the family ; but he applauded the lady, and from that period his spirits and health amended.

Mrs. Gordon and John Roy were aware they could not without some risk approach his bed. She waited at the door, while John Roy, after putting off his shoes, gently drew near and got possession of his weapons. Both were painfully affected by this incident. It brought conviction, that they themselves might be disarmed and seized, when unconscious of danger.

Kenedy waited for the answer he must bring the unfortunate M'Gregors. Mrs. Gordon left John Roy and Mr. H. when she had gently roused the sleeper. Mr. H. was overjoyed to see his friend, and glad to accompany him to Glenmore. John Roy despatched Kenedy

to welcome the M'Gregors. Mr. Drummond availed himself of the invitation to Alvey : but a romantic resource, which we shall hereafter detail, procured for James M'Gregor an easy conveyance to the eastern district. The genius of the GREAT UNKNOWN might weave from our slight materials an historical story, not less illustrative of the character of the Gael than the Tales of my Landlord are descriptive of the southern Scots.

But to return to the wanderers. When Mrs. Gordon left them, John Roy informed the poet of Bangour, that in the woods of Glenmore he met an old acquaintance, who told him he had been three days without food in a cavern, beneath the root of a fir tree he cut down in a more peaceful season, and had marked, hoping to entrap foxes, or perhaps otters, by laying snares in their den :—but the time came, when he must betake himself to it for shelter from the king's troops. John Roy asked to see the place, and carved his initials on the stump, that he might know it again ; and as the person, from whom he obtained the secret, was off to France, he and his friend need not fear treachery. Besides, he had secured the protection of two ladies, who satisfied him that their servant Finlay M'Donald would sooner die than prove ungrateful. Mr. Grant was at Fort Augustus with the army ; and his brother Tullochgorum was one of the hostages, lodged in Edinburgh Castle, since some false aspersions had led the Duke of Cumberland to doubt the loyalty of his clan. Thus the military would not suspect that Mrs. Grant, her sister, and a house full of young children, could be accessory to concealing any of Prince Charles's followers. The ladies and he had agreed, that the watch-word for their arrival should be to send an old woman, with an enquiry, if Mag

Molach had been lately seen at Tullochgorum? Mag Molach, or the woman with a hairy hand, was the utelar genius of that branch of the Grants, and so many stories of her extraordinary performances were current, that to ask about her would seem a very natural curiosity. Whenever this parole should reach Mrs. Grant, she and her sister were plighted to come with Finlay M'Donald to raise the trunk of the tree; to assist the gentlemen to descend, and to furnish them with necessaries. When winter set in, they could sometimes venture from the dungeon to take a cup of tea with the ladies, and to hear what was going forward in the world. Social intercourse had been the elixir of life to Mr. Hamilton since early youth. He joyfully accepted this proposal, and before sun-rise, he and John Roy were concealed in the fastnesses of craig Ellachy; where cheerfully refreshed with provisions Mrs. Gordon sent with them, they conversed in low whispers, till darkness favoured their attempt to reach Glenmore. In case of being traced, they took a circuitous route; going first to the east, instead of crossing the spey, to the west of Alvey. We cannot minutely detail their adventures; but we know they were soon forced to separate, whilst they experienced all the miseries of outlawry. John Roy, as a soldier, and as a deserter, had been inured to hardship; but Mr. Hamilton, reared in elegance, ease, and security—in a strange country—ignorant of the language—not knowing whom to trust, and not daring to seek his only friend, lest the anxious guest should lead to the detection of both—almost sunk beneath the weight of his accumulated distresses. Worn out and careless of life, he asked lodgings at the house of a gentleman. He was a hostage at Edinburgh; but his sister, a compassionate spinster, conjectured the stranger was a fugitive. She received him and he almost fainted with ecstasy, when he found himself in the eager embrace of John Roy. In his hiding place he knew Mr. H.'s voice, and the feeble accents alarmed him for the delicate constitution of his friend. They both shed tears, and the old lady did not refuse to them the tribute of weeping sympathy. Here they passed a few nights and days, unmolested; but a party of militia sent after Lord Lewis Gordon, had orders to search every house, great and small. A woman came in breathless haste to tell them her cottage had been ransacked, and if there was any one under Mrs. Christian G.'s protection, escape would be impracticable, for the soldiers were marching with quick steps that way. The good spinster had her maids preparing to brew; the large copper was full for next morning; she ordered the women to kindle a great fire under it, and to get water heated in every way they could devise. She then went to bed, leaving instructions with her damsels to say she was sick, and must not be disturbed. If the soldiers persisted, the women must warn them they should be saluted with libations of boiling water for they were not soldiers, but robbers. The militia-men had not uniforms, intending to conceal their purpose; and this pretext carried some appearance of reason. The soldiers came; the amazons were resolute, and the militia-men decamped. John Roy and Mr. Hamilton soon set out by different routes. They did not again go so far asunder as formerly, and generally spent the night together in some rocky recess, where a human foot had seldom trod. They were often in want of food, for the wild berries were grown scarce. Their clothes and shoes were worn, and Mr. Hamilton could ill bear the

cold. Their communications were not always calculated to abate a sense of their calamity. Mr. H. told Mr. S. the anecdote of Lady M. and her confessor, and he mentioned, that the persons to whom the prince entrusted his plate and jewels, to be sold for the relief of such as were ruined in his cause, were strongly suspected of abusing the trust. Each endeavoured to speak of his own sufferance with gay raillery; but they owned to the ladies at Glenmore, that they sometimes could not help blaming the infatuation which leagued them with men of desperate fortune, who had nothing to lose, and hoped at their expense to gain by spoil, and by a change of rulers. John Roy had been distinguished by the Duke of Cumberland for his valour at the battle of Fontenoy, and now to behold his royal highness would be equivalent to the doom of a deserter and a traitor. Every day increas-

ed the perils and pains of their condition. They forded and swam rivers, climbed precipices, or dived into clefts of the mountains, where only wild animals had hitherto sought refuge; and in various disguises had separately passed through bands of the military; and for what had they incurred those complicated afflictions? For no benefit to their country, if the enterprise had succeeded; and certain woe to multitudes had been the result of its failure. They had not fought, bled, and lost their all to ensure personal, political, or religious liberty. A roman catholic, imbued with extravagant ideas of indefeasible right, and all the claims to absolute supremacy that give rise to the exercise of arbitrary power, could bring no aggrandisement to Britain, nor any individual freedom to the inhabitants.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

HURRICANE AND EARTHQUAKE AT QUEBEC IN 1663,

And the Massacre of English Prisoners at Fort William Henry in 1757.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE most approved Ladies' Magazines have corrected the deficiency of fault so often regretted by zealous and judicious promoters of solid feminine accomplishments, and they now frequently intersperse with moral and amusing fictions select portions of natural history, or historical facts, illustrative of the consequences resulting from laudable or reprehensible actions. Contribution to this important department may be rendered more attractive by changing the didactic array for gayer dress, interwoven with the interesting recitals. The well-informed fair reader can easily distinguish between facts and mere embellishment; and younger ladies who desire to at-

tain this discrimination can be agreeably entertained in acquainting themselves with the elements of physiology so far as to know the most remarkable phenomena of nature in different countries. One hour, or even half an hour, daily bestowed on the perusal of history will invigorate the reasoning powers, give perspicacity to the judgment, and confirm every principle most essential to female worth and respectability. The following story contains much historical truth; but the loves of a soldier and a beautiful Indian have been gratuitously dignified with a British origin, and the military *amoroso* has a better education than commonly belongs to his sphere; though much insub-

ordination and debauchery among our defenders might be prevented if their leisure moments were occupied in cultivating their rational faculties, and seeking enjoyment within themselves.

"Power may be perverted to tyranny, the valorous achievements of the warrior may be tarnished by inhumanity, conquerors may dazzle passing generations—but never may the heart of Montcalm grow so callous to self-reverence as to rest satisfied with the transient acclamations of present fame, while the impartial voice of posterity must stigmatize a horrible transgression against justice and mercy. The perfidious Jesuit ensnared me in compliances that have blighted in one hour all the laurels earned in a life of hard service. The brave Englishmen that surrendered to superior force, will rise up in future times to brand with dishonour the commander who overpowered their gallant resistance by numerical superiority and misused his victory. Yet they held out until liberal terms of capitulation were granted, and they trusted to these conditions for security in marching out to the covered wagons promised for conveying them under a safe escort to Fort Edward. At this solemn solitary midnight hour, I think the magnanimous band pass before my eyes, while their countenances and every motion bespoke intrepidity of spirit, which even fatigue, privation, and captivity could not subdue. I see them assisting the females, the infantine, the sick and wounded, hardly deigning to look at the ferocious savages gathering around them. Even after those intruders began to pillage and strip the exterior ranks, their comrades, as they afforded succour, seemed to depend upon the more effectual interposition of the guard promised to defend them from adverse Indians. The Jesuit, by insidious mis-

representations, persuaded me that by granting the savages an opportunity to see the English in their enfeebled state, they would feel increased contempt for our humiliated enemies. The diabolical churchman executed my orders, and intimated to the chief my wish to have the British heretics exterminated. When the warhoop announced their hostile intentions, I would have rushed into the midst of the execrable assassins; but my staff, with too anxious coercion, saved my life at the expense of my honour; and I would not throw away the lives of my soldiers in vain efforts to aid the devoted prisoners. Oh God! never shall placid repose visit the eyelids of Montcalm. The haunting vision of my slaughtered captives stalks before me, rendering privacy hideous! The blood still curdless at my heart in recollecting how men, women, and children were scalped with fiend-like ferocity and the harpies drank the gore as it streamed from the gashes they inflicted upon the bodies of their unarmed victims. The English, with unconquered valour, presented themselves a barrier between the inveterate foe and their helpless or disabled compatriots. The husband, staggering with mortal wound collecting his strength protectd his wife and children; she clasped a babe to her bleeding bosom, warding from the innocent each stroke that made a purple tide gush from her arms. Little boys performed the deeds of manhood to screen their juniors; but the whole mass, disfigured, mangled, mangled, and expiring, bequeathed to posterity the name of Montcalm steeped in opprobrium."

The sad ruminations of Montcalm were broken by an aide-camp, with intelligence that the Indians tumultuously required their late chief and his wife to be committed to the general's custody leaving it

optional to him either to punish them for refusing to assist his nation in cutting down root and branch of the Britons, or to send those refractory persons to their own people at Fort Edward. Besides endeavouring to prevent the massacre of the English, this aged chief was charged with accusing the Oneidas of keeping his only daughter from him. A short digression will impart the secret of her mysterious fate. While the Indians were engaged in the work of death, the Jesuit who misled Montcalm hastened to the Oneida camp, and lay in ambush till a messenger he sent to the chief's wife, conducted her to Quebec, under pretence that her husband was a prisoner, and depended on her intercession to obtain his liberation. Half an hour after her departure he entrusted another messenger to inform the young and beautiful Cambayai, that her parents were hurried away in fetters to Fort Edward, and enjoined her to meet them there, with no fellow traveller but the bearer of the message, as they considered it imprudent to let the nation have a surmise of their capture. Cambayai instantly obeyed the parental mandate, and the priest followed at some distance. In the evening her companion disappeared, and after a painful search, she concluded the woman had perished in some swamp, as no response to her loud, reiterated, and persevering calls allowed a hope of her existence. In exploring different paths, she caught a glimpse of the priest, and Cambayai had not forgot how on a former occasion he forgot the deference due to maidenly reserve. Darting into a thicket of lofty pines, she climbed a tree, and concealed herself until the shades of night permitted her to pursue her journey. The priest did not dare to enter the forest lest straggling parties of Indians, instigated by Cambayai,

might avenge the wrongs he attempted to perpetrate. Yet bent upon his villainous design, he proceeded by the open route, assured that Cambayai must cross a champaign country before she reached the Fort, and then would fall an easy prey. He calculated aright, that though her companion was gone, she would persevere in making her way to her parents; but the circuitous woodland progress so detained her, that he had to wait on the verge of a sylvan tract many hours. At length Cambayai emerged, lovely as a wood nymph issuing from the verdant bower to hail the rising sun; but fleet as the startled deer from the hunter, she fled when the Jesuit would have accosted her. Her flowing tresses entangled in a bush, and the execrable pursuer overtook, and would have succeeded in the most irreparable outrage, if a clenched hand had not felled him to the ground.

Cambayai and her deliverer drew near the Fort ere they recognized each other. The British soldier must return to the foraging party he left only to rescue Cambayai; but he committed her to the charge of his aunt, who was head nurse in the garrison hospital.

We shall leave her with a virtuous matron, to enquire for the doom of her father.

When the aid-de-camp came to Montcalm, he had not undressed. He gave orders to make the strictest search for the chief's daughter, and to bring him and his wife before a select council of officers without delay. In a few eloquent remarks he made them feel the stigma incurred by the French, on account of the base massacre of their prisoners, and that the Indian chief ought to be sent to the nearest British station, to explain the circumstances, which ought to be considered as exonerating his most Christian Majesty's officers and soldiers in all

share in that horrid transaction. The officers eagerly seized those ideas, and the Indian chief was called into their presence. He seemed above six feet in height. His unwrinkled forehead was shaded by a profusion of hair silvered by age; but age had not impaired the elasticity of his limbs, nor the animation of his dark eyes, nor the erect dignity of his figure; and beneath an Indian garb the European form and lineaments were manifest. A majestick female, with the remains of fine features, hung upon his arm, and in addressing the council, an air of habitual command rendered more impressive their energetick language. Both spoke French fluently, and after her husband had paid a graceful compliment to Montcalm, the chieftainess, with a flood of tears, implored him to make every exertion to restore the last of their race. Her sons had all shed their blood, even unto death, in the service of the French against the nations that opposed them; and tho' the chief could not endure to combat his own natural people, he had permitted the next in command to head the tribe and to join their good allies. He had indeed endeavoured to prevent the massacre of his countrymen, and this could be no crime in the eyes of the generous French.

Montcalm replied, that the chief could not be more averse to the murder of the English than he, his officers, and all his army; and they earnestly requested him to go to Fort Edward, and make known the unhappy catastrophe in its genuine colours. As to the fair Indian, Montcalm had ordered inquiries concerning her in every quarter. While Montcalm spoke, a party of Indians brought forward a Huron boy, who affirmed he met Cambayai alone in the forest travelling very fast, as she said, to Fort Edward, where her parents had desired her to meet them. The chief and his

wife testified impatience to depart immediately for that garrison; but some preparations were requisite for the soldiery who should go as their guard; and during those arrangements, Montcalm asked how two Europeans had attained the highest station over an Indian tribe?

The chief replied:—"I am old, but not so old as to have witnessed the earthquake which, in the spring, 1663, spread terrour over Quebec and a large extent of the surrounding territory. That event separated my father from his own people, and I shall relate the particulars, as he often communicated them to me, and to others, who never were weary in listening to his narration. My father spoke thus:—

'Political troubles banished my parents from their native land—or rather they voluntarily fled from civil and religious persecution. My father died on the passage to America; and my mother married, in a few months, a man much older than herself—but she was destitute, and I totally helpless, being not three years of age. My step-father loved me as his own child; and after my mother's demise, his tenderness never abated. A young English Girl, in her twelfth year, having lost both her parents, in a fever, became resident in our family. She was near sixteen when my mother fell into a decline; and on her death-bed urged her husband to make that lovely young creature the partner of his fortune. They were about eleven months married, when the good old man died of a few hours' sickness. I might be then nearly seven years old, and I bewailed my affectionate step-father with inconsolable anguish. The widow took me in her lap, and the crowd of neighbours that came to condole with her, joined in soothing the

A rushing noise made every one forget they had any object to engage them but their own safety. Their perturbed spirits foreboded a dreadful conflagration, or some convulsion of nature. All hurried down stairs. My father-in-law's wife caught me in her arms, and, ominous meeting! as she left the gate of her own house, she found herself in the midst of several hundred Indians, crying out, the forests were drunk with Divine wrath, and they had come to seek mercy, by prayer, along with the white men that make their habitation in dwellings of stone. The wild dismay of those frantick warriors, whom no human force could appal, increased the widow's trepidation, and she lost all composure, as they continued to exclaim, "No mercy, no mercy settled the woods, the hills, or vallies, nor calmed the leaping hearts of men." A chief passed his muscular arm around her waist, to prevent the flying multitude from overwhelming and trampling her delicate frame. He soon found it necessary to raise her to his shoulder; but no change of posture, no excess of fear, made her inattentive to keep me fast in her embrace, though she felt and saw enough to drive to distraction the firmest mind. Sometimes the earth shook as a vessel heavily dragging her anchor, or subsided in tremulous swells:—sometimes in sudden jerks met the soles of the feet, or heaving in irregular undulations, like the waves of a troubled lake, threatened, at every step, to engulph the travellers; and qualms, like seasickness, dizzied her head, and sickened her stomach. Passing from street to street, the houses rocking—bells ringing—and furniture falling from its place, with a tremendous crash, menaced instant destruction to all living creatures; and in the country, a scene of devastation appeared so far as the eye could

reach. Ice six feet thick, shivered in ten thousand fragments, shewed fathomless chasms, emitting sulphureous steams, mud, or sand; the pallisades of parks and gardens dancing up and down; animals running; and fowls, on wing, filling the air with hideous screams. Mountains, torn from their base, tumbled in upon less lofty hills; trees uprooted, and lying in heaps; or the ground they once beautified left bare and level, as though the plough had been employed—except here and there that the fibres, which had fixed them in the soil, might be seen near the surface of that abyss, where the others were inhumed.

'In town and country, women and children, seeking escape in all directions, wringing their hands, rent the clouds with cries of terror. The widow lost all recollection until recalled to consciousness by the agonies of childbirth. The chief adopted this daughter of a former marriage, and when the mother recovered, preferred her to the honour of being his wife. She continued to act the part of a parent and teacher to me, and taught her daughter many things unknown among the Oneidas. She still loved her own people; and scarce a day dawned that she did not enjoin me never to point an arrow, nor raise a spear or tomahawk against the sons of Britain. She bore the chief many sons; but my uncommon stature and strength, my fame as a hunter, and some signal services I performed in early youth against the Indian enemies of the Oneidas, made me a favourite with them. The small-pox raged among us. I alone recovered in the chief's wigwam. His wife and her daughter, by her former husband, were three days' journey from us, negotiating for the purchase of furs. In this way my wife escaped the infection. The chief, in dying, recommended me to the nation as their leader, and that

I should wed his adopted daughter. This had long been their wish, and since her budding beauties first taught me she was dearer than a sister, I panted to call her mine, who now in old age, seems, in my eyes, fairer than all the daughters of men."

"This, O Montcalm! was my father's story. I was the eldest of many sons.—They are now, with my sons, in the bright and lofty regions, where the Great Spirit rules in visible glory; and, like me, they adhered to the command of our parents, never to meet Englishmen as enemies. You know, O Montcalm! how we were deceived in this war. We knew not, until encamped beneath the guns of your citadel, that you warred with Britons.—This day, accursed and black before all the host of heaven, we first drew our weapons for you, except against copper-coloured men; and against these we have, as your auxiliaries, often fought, bled, and conquered. Your priest made us believe the prisoners belonged to a realm far north of Britain; and until I heard them speak, I did not discover my soul-rending error. My wife is also of English blood; I took her from the deck of a ship on fire at sea. She was petrified with alarm when all were crowding into the boats to quit the vessel. I saw her after she recovered from the swoon, in which they neglected her. I saw her spreading her white hands to the sky, and with some bold fellows ventured in a canoe to her relief. It was a propitious hour. She made me the glad father of many valiant sons. They died like brave men with weapons in their hands. We have now but Cambayai, and if she is spared we are happy, though the Oneidas should reject us forever."

The chief bowed, in sign of finishing his discourse: his wife, in pathetic accents, said, "Alas! in our prosperity we forgot the religion

of our country, though we continued to cherish a love for the people. We spoke of the Great Spirit, and the true God and Saviour seldom entered our thoughts."

The officer appointed to command the party that should conduct the chief and his wife to Fort Edward, came to inform the General they were ready. They departed. Montcalm sought his pillow, but images of sanguinary outrage mingled in his dreams. He was soon awoken by the Oneidas clamouring for their late chief, and, in exclamatory sentences, recounting his praises. Montcalm must conciliate the infuriated formidable multitude of savages: he imparted to them the intelligence given by the Huron boy; and that, to satisfy their late leader and his consort, he had given them a safe convoy to Fort Edward, in quest of their daughter. The Indians, muttering discontents, took the route to Fort Edward. Their fickle, impetuous passions, had undergone a revulsion in favour of their accustomed legislator and commander. It was well for the French that their bayonets, gleaming in the morning sun, convinced the Oneidas their menaces would but retort ruin upon their own forces. The chief and his escort reached Fort Edward some hours before them. The first interview between Cambayai and her parents evinced the loveliest and most ardent feelings of the human breast. She told them how she had been deceived, assaulted, and rescued. The chief asked to see her deliverer, and rejoiced to find he owed that invaluable benefit to Gascoigne. The Oneidas, with a rapid march, came to the gates of Fort Edward. To obtain an alliance with their powerful nation was sound policy. The governour, attended by his officers and a suitable guard, received them with every mark of friendship, and satisfied them their chief, his wife,

and daughter, were safe. They must see them and the soldier who saved the maiden from insult. They shouted with joy when Gascoigne came forward. He had been five years their prisoner: he was captured when a boy. He had ventured too far in hunting, and fell into their hands. He could speak their dialect, he knew their customs, and with singular address and courage escaped from them.

"Let him be the spouse of Cambayai," they cried, as with one voice.

What words can describe the anxiety of the fair Indian! Gascoigne had occupied her fondest recollections since childhood. In the few hours his military duties permitted them to spend together, they had advanced ages in love. He had told her an impassioned tale, but she feared he would not, for her sake, renounce his own people. She feared his officer could not be persuaded to grant his discharge. Her fond wishes were granted: Gascoigne

exchanged subordination for supremacy.—When a prisoner, he owed much to the kindness of Cambayai; and the unassailable purity of her tenderness had often recurred to his mind with fervent esteem. His sentiments were exalted by a superiour education from his father, the schoolmaster of the regiment. He incessantly laboured to mix with the heroic virtues of the Oneidas, a due proportion of milder qualities. He was their legislator, warlike leader, physician, and instructor, but by the vindictive Jesuit had been assassinated, by a poisoned arrow, in the zenith of his publick spirited achievements. The instigator of this execrable deed, and the perpetrator, a southern Indian, were taken, and sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. Cambayai would not accept another consort. She devoted herself to the children of her only love; and to this day, traces of refinement adorn the character of the Oneidas.

B. G.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

THEATRICAL.

Friday, May 14th. BRUTUS was this evening performed to an overflowing house. The play itself had been generally read, and apprehensions were entertained that justice could not be done to it in the performance by the present company. The English reviews have been filled for some time past with criticisms on this play; the most extraordinary pains have been taken to convince the publick that they are entirely mistaken as to its merits. "What!" say they, "is it possible that a young American, no one can tell who, should be able to write a play with success on a subject where Cumberland and five or six others have failed? Impossible! It is all a cheat; the others have been shamefully suffered to lie neglected on the shelves." These gentry do not

seem to be aware, that by holding this language they are passing the highest encomiums on Mr. Payne, the young American. The truth is, the play is an admirable one, and nothing so satisfactorily establishes the superiority of the author, as his having succeeded in what several great English dramatists attempted in vain. If there be some little improbabilities in the course of the plot, I would ask what play is free from them? Surely not those of the immortal Shakspeare. By us Americans, Brutus is hailed as a countryman; he is a true republican—there can be no doubt that Mr. Payne in the choice of his subject, as well as in the predominating sentiments, had in view the stage of his native country.

We are not disposed to blame, as some people are, that he has left his

native country in order to employ his talents abroad, because it must be confessed that our country does not yet afford the proper school for the fine arts, and the study of the drama is intimately connected with them. When Mr. Payne shall have perfected his talents, there is no doubt he will consecrate them to his country.

No great expectations were excited from the cast of characters for this evening's entertainment. Every one was confident that the part of Brutus in the hands of Mr. Wood might pass off respectably, but as to the others, *rehearsal*, rather than a performance was looked for. No pains had been previously taken to prepare the audience; they assembled without the slightest enthusiastic predisposition to applaud the play, or rather a fixed determination to be indulgent to the *failings* of the performers. The audience was unusually attentive—not a word or gesture was lost; but the bursts of applause were not numerous or violent, and were given in general to the play and not to the performance. Mr. Wood exerted himself to the utmost, and shewed throughout an admirable conception of the character; he only failed where strength of lungs and body were wanting. His performance in the last scene where he addresses his son in broken accents, was a master-piece of natural representation—it was almost reality.

Mr. Wallack has certainly considerable merit; but his style of performance is not such as we have been accustomed to; his words are drawn out with a fatiguing slowness; he says every thing in the same monotonous cadence, and never for a moment forgets his artificial stage strut. All this has too much the appearance of mechanism or clock work. Mr. Wheatly as Valerius, went through his part according to rule—but we fear there

is room for improvement here. Mrs. Jefferson as Tullia, somewhat exceeded our expectations; but this is out of her line: she wants tragick strength. Tarquinia was performed by Mrs. Darley. This appears to us the least perfect character in the play. Tarquinia neither awakens a friendly interest nor yet excites horror. Her love for Titus is ignoble and selfish; and yet she is made to utter romantick sentiments; she does not breathe a single hint of displeasure at the horrid act of her brother Sextus; all her anxiety is for his escape from the *base monsters*, who are in pursuit of his precious life. Mrs. Wallack as Lucretia, did not come up to our *ideal* of the Roman matron. Mr. Hughes in Collatinus filled the character well; his fine countenance and manly figure, are well suited to it; the character itself, however, does not excite the interest it ought from its importance.

Upon the whole, this play is peculiarly adapted to the American stage, but requires to be represented by first rate performers. The character of Brutus calls for the same powers as King Lear, Richard III., or Macbeth.

The *after piece*, on the present occasion, somewhat to the annoyance of the audience, was played before the tragedy; the custards before the roast turkey and mutton. That little vocal enchantress, Mrs. Burke, made her appearance in the farce of "My Grandmother"—While we can hear such singing, we scarcely envy those who listen to the varied notes of the nightingale.

On Saturday, Accusation, or the Family D'Anglade, was repeated; with the delightful melo-drama of Paul and Virginia. Here Mr. Darley and Mrs. Burke, had a full opportunity of displaying their musical talents.

THESPIS.

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